

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VII. No. 32

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

MAY 6, 1917



## The Wolf of Thistle Ridge.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

(In Six Chapters. Chapter Sixth.)

THEY stared at him breathlessly. What ridiculous mistakes had they been making all these weeks?

"Oh!" said the fairy man, sitting down very meekly on an ottoman. "Don't look like that over it! You see, when I found out that you had got the other Brown tagged 'Professor' I thought it was a joke worth keeping up. Maybe I ought to have told you."

"You said your name was Carroll," gasped Avis.

"So it is—Carroll Brown. Would it have been more polite to tell you the whole of it? But that would have spoilt the fun. His name is C. C.—Charles Brown with another C. for a middle letter, so you see it was easy enough to make that mistake. He worked for my father on a farm before they both came up here to look for the feldspar which they thought might be found on this old strip of land."

"Oh, dear," sighed Avis, "I get more mixed up every minute. Then it was your father who found the feldspar mine and made a map of it and you couldn't find it?"

"Yes, that was my father, not Charles's. He is no relation to us—just an old neighbor and a friend of my father—a good friend too; you haven't got really acquainted with Charles yet. He and my father came up here and built this house to live in while they worked. I was in the city then teaching music, and studying, and I used to try to get my father to come and live with me, but he had got this idea of finding a feldspar mine into his head."

"Don't you honestly believe he found a mine?" asked Kerry.

"He found what he thought was a mine, of course. He believed it was worth a good deal and he made Charles believe in it as much as he did. I almost believed it myself at first. I shouldn't like to tell you how much time I've spent looking for that outcropping of feldspar. But I'm sure now it isn't there, so there's nothing left but to go away. Charles has looked, too, till he's had to give it up."

"Why didn't your father give him the

map he made if they were here together?" asked Kerry. "Wasn't he with him when he found it, anyway?"

"No, he had gone to the city for a visit and father wrote to him. But in the letter he wouldn't tell where the mine was; he only said it was very hard to find and that he had made a map of it which he would keep to give to him. But when Charles got here my father was so sick that the only thing to think of was how to get me here in time to see him alive. Well, I was just in time, but as I've told you we never found the map of the place, and I'm sure now that father was mistaken. He found what he thought was a good lot of feldspar, but it must have been something else. That's why Charles and I have hunted all this time and never found a bit."

"Oh, if you had only found it you wouldn't have to go away and teach in the city," cried Avis.

"And be called 'Professor' and have to stay in stuffy parlors when I want to be out on the hills like a gypsy," sighed the fairy man. "But that was too good to be true, you see—that I should find a fortune up here on Thistle Ridge. So back I go next week."

Kerry had been thinking hard as Mr. Carroll made these explanations.

"Why didn't you get the prospector to look for your mine?" he asked. "Perhaps he could have found it; that's his business, you know."

"He would have thought I was setting him to hunt for the gold at the end of the rainbow," retorted Mr. Carroll Brown. "If there was any feldspar in the rocks on that strip of ground, Charles and I could have found it before this. It was like hunting for a needle in a hay-stack, but we kept at it till we were sure there was no needle there."

"I'd like to go with you and look," persisted Kerry.

Mr. Carroll, or Professor Brown, laughed and reached for his violin. "No use," he said. "Fairy tales don't happen nowadays. I might have known that in the first place.

Now let's forget it and have one good time that we can all remember when we are away—I in the city and you—well, somewhere, according to what Uncle Silas says to that letter."

"There's one thing I don't understand yet," burst out Avis. "You said you worked for Professor Brown?"

"Well, don't I?" retorted the fairy man. "Have you forgotten that I'm Professor Brown?—at least, that's what they call me when I'm teaching. You thought I was talking about C. C. Brown and I was talking about myself."

They did have a good time after that. Mr. Carroll, as they still persisted in calling him, went to the kitchen and brought in Charles, who had retreated and shut the door as soon as he had roared out that remark about plenty of people wanting Professor Brown.

"I want you to know one of the best friends my father and I ever had," said Mr. Carroll, holding Charles by the arm so that he shouldn't run away. "You've only seen him under a cloud when he was worried or blue. But he's an all-round good fellow, and he's going to prove it by making some gingerbread that will melt in your mouth—and I guess we'll have a cup of coffee to go with it, Charles, seeing this is a sort of a birthday party."

Mr. Brown made them a bow all around rather gruffly, but he grinned a little when Kerry said: "We've never told you how much obliged we were for putting up that sign 'Dig here for gold.' I don't know what we should have done if we hadn't found those potatoes."

"I didn't want to see a lot of good potatoes going to waste," returned Charles, shortly. "'Twas me remembered where your uncle put 'em, but that sign was some of his didos." He pointed his finger at the real professor, whom he seemed to consider a very small boy full of mischief. Avis whispered to Elsie that there were times when the fairy man did seem like that.

They had a concert while they waited for the gingerbread and coffee. They all forgot their troubles as they sat in this pretty room listening to the rare music their friend drew from his violin and then from the piano in the corner. Charles brought them the spiced gingerbread, freshly baked, with mugs of fragrant coffee, and bread as light and white as Mrs. Winthrop could have made herself.

"He's a born cook and likes it," explained Mr. Carroll. "I wish I could afford to take him back to the city to save me from starving in a boarding-house."

They took their new Professor Brown home with them after luncheon. Kerry said that Ted would feel slighted if the fairy man didn't come for a birthday visit,—which was true, but it was Kerry himself who could not bear to lose sight of his friend for a minute, now that there was a prospect of their being separated so soon.

Ted came out to meet them wearing the watch on a long string. It was too big to



go into his pocket, he explained, and anyway he liked to hear it tick so often that it was just as well to have it outside where it would be handy.

Mr. Carroll stopped short with a startled look when he caught sight of the old watch.

"Where did you get that, young man?" he asked. "Let me look at it, will you?"

He examined the watch and then gave it back. "Run along, Ted, and see where 'Miss White' is," he said, and as the child scampered off he spoke in a low tone to the others.

"It was my father's watch. 'Tisn't good for anything, of course. What I want to know is where you found it."

They told him the story of the old basket and brought it to show to him. It still held the pieces of silk and calico, and Elsie brought the little silk-lined bag of thread from her sewing-room.

Mr. Carroll took the bag in his hand and felt of it. The lining seemed to be stiffer on one side than on the other, as if there might be something sewed underneath. He cut a few stitches with his knife and drew out a folded paper which he held up before their astonished eyes.

"It's the map," he said, growing rather pale as he unfolded it. "Do you suppose the fairy story is coming true?"

"Then the basket wasn't Aunt Sophia's at all," cried Avis. "Or maybe she gave it to him to use for something."

"Most likely that was it. The basket would be a handy one to hold eggs or berries. She forgot to take out the things—they're not worth much—and he used them as a hiding-place for his precious map. Nobody would ever think to look all that litter over for anything valuable, and he hid it under the rock for fear it would be found if he left it in the house while he was out. As for the watch, he probably used the basket as a handy place to stow it away, and forgot it was there."

They studied the map eagerly. It was a map of that strip of land, and it showed every ledge and curious tree, whatever would serve for a landmark to guide the searcher for the feldspar. In the midst of the paper a cross in red ink indicated the exact place where the outcropping could be seen. Mr. Carroll declared that he had been over and around that very spot twenty times at least, but Kerry would not be contented for a minute until they had started for one more look.

So they set off together and the birthday party waited till they came back, tired and muddy and torn.

"You never saw such a place in your life," Kerry assured them. "A cat could hardly get through that jungle—it's all rocks and bushes, so tangled up you go round in a circle and never know it. When we knew we were right onto the place where the cross is we couldn't find it, and at last we stumbled on it partly by accident."

"Did—you find the mine?" whispered Avis.

"We found the feldspar, but he"—Kerry nodded towards his friend—"doesn't feel like talking about it much till he's sure. You see, it means a lot to him; if we're right about it the feldspar is much more valuable than ours—I mean than Uncle Si's. No more teaching for Mr. Carroll if the prospector says what we think he will tomorrow."

The prospector was on hand early the next day, for he was still in the neighborhood.

Kerry and Mr. Carroll were out with him for a long time. They came back almost worn out with excitement, but quite happy. It was as they had thought. There was undoubtedly a good deal of wealth hidden in that bit of wilderness. Mr. Carroll and Charles would have no time to think of going back to the city, and no need, either.

They had agreed to ask Uncle Silas to let them work his mine too along with the other, if he decided not to come back and attend to it himself.

"He can't attend to it," declared Avis, solemnly. "Uncle Silas doesn't own a speck of feldspar in the world!"

"I suppose you know more about it than the prospector," retorted Kerry, evidently thinking this was a poor sort of joke.

But he stared and then grew red with excitement as Avis held towards him a folded paper, long and legal-looking. "You don't mean"—began the boy.

"It came this afternoon, and it's what daddy calls a deed of gift for the house and farm—yes, the feldspar place and all. Read the letter that came with it and you'll see."

The letter was very brief. It said:

"Don't tell me any stories about rocks you find in the pasture. They're your rocks and you'll have to tend to them. I've got my hands full out here.

With best wishes to all of you from

UNCLE SILAS."

They had a supper next evening at the Thistle Ridge farmhouse, with Charles to help Mother Winthrop about the cooking and serving. Charles seemed to have turned into somebody else since that feldspar mine was found; at least so the young Winthrops thought, but Mr. Carroll said it was only his old Charles come back. The two men were to keep on living at the log house and take charge of all the mining operations. There was a prospect that they might get fairly rich here on Thistle Ridge. At any rate, those days of drudgery in the city were a thing of the past. Elsie would be the professor's only pupil after this.

Just before they sat down to supper Avis stood looking at the long table. They had set it outdoors and she and Elsie had trimmed it with wild flowers.

"Clam stew, baked fish, custard pie, cake, cookies, ice cream that Handy Thompson made for us." She counted up the various dishes triumphantly. "Kerry Winthrop, what do you suppose the Wolf of Thistle Ridge will say to this?"

"Huh!" scoffed Kerry, as he stowed the ice-cream freezer away under the table. "There's no such fellow. It's a sure thing now that that wolf went off and made way with himself the night C. C. Brown brought us the baked beans and brown bread."

THE END.

## On May Night.

BY BEULAH RECTOR.

OVER the fence when it's dark you climb,  
With a basket of tissue, crimped and gay.

At Janey's door you pull the bell,  
Hang basket on knob, and dash away;  
Keeping close in the shadows black,  
Warm and breathless from your race;  
Then peeping behind a bosky tree,  
Hoping Janey will give you chase.

## Reforming Lois.

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

"WHY, Lois Elizabeth Harvey!" Avis opened her brown eyes very wide as she spoke.

"What's the matter?" asked Lois, dropping her hairbrush in surprise.

"You're up, and it is Saturday morning." Avis had memories of the number of times she had to call only last Saturday.

"You'd better be up, too. I can smell the coffee, and Bobby is whistling, so he's awake, too. It is too pleasant to stay in bed," explained Lois, picking up her hairbrush.

"May mornings are apt to be," said Avis, as she rose more leisurely.

Lois tied a ribbon, tossed her yellow braid over her shoulder, and plunged into her middy with such energy that one elbow went through. "No matter, it's an old one, anyway, I wore it to school all winter," she remarked lightly. "I'll get one of my last year's dresses."

"Can you wear it?" questioned Avis.

"I can tell you better when I try," answered Lois, struggling with the hooks.

"Rather a tight fit, but it will do for a while," pronounced Avis. "Mother will have to make you a new one when she gets time."

Downstairs two steps at a time ran Lois to hug her mother and hear Mrs. Harvey say, "See if Mr. Jamison would like a cup of coffee, dear."

Mr. Jamison was the old man who had been engaged to paint the screens. Lois ran down the driveway to see if he were in sight, as he was not yet at work. The Harveys lived in the old homestead, a rambling white house set well back from the street, under its own beautiful trees. In former days the family fortunes had been ample, but when the brilliant young surgeon had died just at the beginning of his career, leaving his wife with three babies to care for, Mrs. Harvey had been glad to rent part of the house and do fine needlework for a few wealthy friends. Among these were the Harringtons, whose Christmas boxes filled with generous gifts, and left-overs at all seasons from their own wardrobe, did much to help Mrs. Harvey in her struggle to maintain her little family.

As no old man appeared, Lois went back on the run, when Avis called, "Breakfast is ready."

The meal safely over, Lois said eagerly: "Mother, Mr. Jamison has not come, and there are only six screens to paint. I did three yesterday and he said I did 'em first-rate. Can't I do the rest? Then by Monday we could use them all."

"The flies are beginning to come," said Mrs. Harvey, thoughtfully, "and you have on an old dress. Go ahead, if you like."

"Oh, goody!" Lois exclaimed as she went to work. She painted in the shade of the ell and was enjoying her job. Avis could talk to her from the pantry window, where she was starting the weekly baking. Bobby criticised her efforts in intervals of weeding the garden. She painted one screen after another and stacked each against the pile as she had seen Mr. Jamison do. Just as she was leaning the last one in its place, the whole pile tipped over against her, liberally decorating her dress and arms with black paint. "Oh, dear, what a mess!" sighed Lois.

"Cricky, but you do look fine!" jeered Bobby.



"Lucky it's an old dress," answered Lois, as she went in to clean up. Mrs. Harvey sighed a little, but said nothing then.

"I'll run up attic and get that light gingham that was Isabel Harrington's, then I can put on my white sneakers; I haven't worn them much since I had 'em for my birthday. That was two whole weeks ago," Lois said to her mother. As she reappeared, she added: "I'll run out and see what Bobby is doing before I go to work again. He and Janet Macrae are out in the driveway."

Both were gazing overhead into the elm tree as Lois asked, "What do you see?"

"It's a robin that is hanging by one leg up there," said Janet.

"He must have been carrying a string and it caught on that twig; he is all wound up in it," added Bobby.

"We must get him down someway. I can't bear to have the poor bird suffer so," said Lois, decidedly. "Could you climb up there, Bobby?"

"Too high for me," Bobby thought after a second glance. "Since yesterday when I got hung up by my trousers and mother had to mend such a lot, she isn't enthusiastic about my climbing."

"I remember," laughed Lois. Janet, too, had seen Bobby hanging head downward until rescued. "I think Mr. Case's short ladder will just reach up there, and it is on the outside of the shed, so we can get it. You two come along and we can carry it. I know Mrs. Case will let us take it."

The ladder, once brought, extended to a fork in the tree, but Bobby was too short to reach to the place where Robin was hanging. To Lois' secret joy, it fell to her lot to rescue the bird. She had to climb some distance into the tree, and the poor little prisoner pecked at her fingers, but she was able to release him; he flew stiffly away without stopping to say "Thank you." Then Lois descended and the children promptly put the ladder back in its place. Bobby and Janet returned to their tasks, and Lois went into the house.

"What have you done to your shoes?" asked Mrs. Harvey.

"I had the dandiest time climbing that small elm to let loose a robin that got caught and all wound up in a string he was carrying!" explained Lois, happily. "Why, the soles are all gone!" she exclaimed as she glanced down at her shoes.

"Sneakers were not made for climbing trees," said Mrs. Harvey, quietly. "Lois, you know I warned you to be careful of those, as they would be the only pair you could have this summer. You are terribly hard on your shoes, and they cost money these days."

"Why, mother," protested Lois, "my pumps are wearing first-rate. I have had them six weeks and they look almost like new."

"You've only worn them to church, so well they might. Here's Avis has had hers the second summer and they are as nice as ever," returned Mrs. Harvey.

"She wishes they would wear out so she might have new ones; she said so last week."

Mrs. Harvey smiled a little, then grew grave. "Lois," she said, "did you ever think how many hours I have to work to provide you with something to wear,—things of which you never seem willing to take the least care?"

Lois looked steadily at her mother. Her active mind was busy with a new idea. "Why, Mother Harvey, you never spoke to me like

*Continued on page 148.*

## Marjorie's May Day in Honolulu.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

"A MERRY May Day in Honolulu, Marjorie," called the little girl's mother one sunny morning.

Marjorie opened her eyes happily as usual and pattered into the screened porch, where her mother lifted her up to see the big boat just gliding into beautiful Honolulu Harbor.

"There'll be letters from home," rejoiced Marjorie's mother, "and that's a lovely way to celebrate May Day, isn't it?"

"And there's a picnic in the Park!" Marjorie reminded her as she slipped into her clothes, "and the band's going to play, and we're going!"

"You haven't forgotten a thing, have you?" laughed Aunt Patty from the hall. "And first of all comes breakfast, which Shida says is ready this minute!"

Marjorie skipped downstairs to exchange greetings with the smiling Japanese maid. "O-hi-o, Shida!" said Marjorie, for "Good morning." And Shida smiled and bowed as she brought in delicious papaia fruit for the table.

After breakfast the Chinese vegetable man came, and Marjorie helped Shida buy fresh fruit and vegetables for dinner; then the Japanese flower woman came to the door with great baskets loaded with lovely things. After that Aunt Patty, mother, and Marjorie had a glorious dip in the ocean which was directly at their doorstep—and then



"Small as she was, she felt like a foreigner."

about in circles when the band played. She was all eyes and ears as she stood among them, while they chattered together as gaily as the saucy mynah birds in the banyan trees. Small as she was, she felt like a foreigner, while the little Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, and others were quite at home.

"Oh, see the little American girl!" laughed many people who were having a good time taking snap-shots of the children. One teacher brought two charming Japanese maidens, and a prim Chinese tot in trousers, to make friends with the little white visitor.

At noon the kindergarten children swarmed about their teachers like brown bees about blossoms, and soon they were sitting happily on the grass in little groups, enjoying their lunch. Then Marjorie rode away to eat her lunch at the beach, while her mother and auntie reveled in the precious weekly home letters.

"It was fun," Marjorie confided to the gray cat, "and I like May Day, Pussy. Only next time I want to dance and play too. It isn't half so nice just being a visitor."

## Dandelion Curls.

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

YOU see I know a lot of girls,  
And some of them have lovely curls,  
And, anyway, 'most all have hair  
All soft and wavy, or they wear  
Long golden braids, like Prue and Kate;  
But, oh, dear me! my hair is straight,  
And stiff and brown as father's fiddle,  
And plainly parted in the middle.

But by and by a time will come  
When I can twine about my thumb  
The curliest kinks you've ever seen,—  
Well, yes, they'll be a little green,  
And rather bitter when you make 'em,  
But oh, what fun 'twill be to shake 'em;  
For in the spring I can rely on  
A curl from any dandelion.



"Mother and Marjorie had a glorious dip in the ocean."

they made ready for the Kindergarten May Day party.

Marjorie, usually so merry and full of fun, appeared as solemn as a little owl that day, when she found herself the lone white child among hundreds of little dusky tots. She watched them go through their folk dances, stamp their feet, clap their hands, or run





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

LITTLETON, N.H.

Dear Miss Buck,—We are a class of the Unitarian Sunday school in Littleton, N.H. We thought that we would like to form a Beacon Club in our class. There are ten in it. Catharine Beattie is president and Harrison Mears is secretary and treasurer. We are going to make scrap-books for children's hospitals. We had a meeting down to Catherine's house last Thursday afternoon at half-past four. We made post-cards by putting two post-cards together, pictures on outside. Miss Hearsey is our teacher. We would like some Beacon pins if we can have them, conveniently.

Your friends,

CATHARINE BEATTIE.  
HARRISON MEARS.  
HELEN E. HEARSEY.  
CLESSON SPENCER.  
WILFRED SPENCER.  
HARLAN GILES.

Greetings and good wishes to this new Beacon Club which is starting out to do such helpful things!

Continued from page 147.

that before in your life." The laughter died out of her merry eyes, she straightened up and her face grew sober. "Is anything special the matter?"

"Yes, the matter is that with you three growing so fast and having such healthy young appetites, I can no longer earn enough to supply you with all you need. Avis helps me with the sewing and relieves me a good deal in the house, Bobby cares for the garden and has his evening paper route. I think you are old enough to understand that shoes cost money. Lois, dear, are you willing to help, too? Think before you speak. I mean to give you a definite task."

There was an interval before the answer came: "I am ready, mother. It is only fair to let me help."

"Then will you undertake to provide your shoes for the coming year?"

"I will," agreed Lois, cheerfully. "And, mother, you have no objections to my doing as much more as I can?"

Mrs. Harvey smiled, and kissed her energetic little daughter, who then went about her usual Saturday morning tasks. Lois was unusually quiet all day; she was apparently thinking deeply. "It never occurred to me that clothes cost money," she said to herself. "Mother often has something to make over for us girls when we need anything. I'd rather have new ones, but make-overs are better than nothing. I'm jolly glad I am growing so fast I can't take Avis's gowns any more." She smiled with great satisfaction in this thought. "But shoes can't be made over," she continued, "and I need some for every day."

"Mother," she asked that afternoon, "do I begin right off to buy my own shoes?"

"It would be easier for me," answered Mrs. Harvey, gently. She liked the way this sturdy young daughter took her new responsibility.

FAIRHAVEN, MASS.,  
22 Adams Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am interested in the Beacon Club although I have not written you a letter before. I like to do the enigmas and puzzles and enjoy reading the letters, which seem to come from all parts of the United States and a few from other countries.

I am sending the answers to the puzzles in Number 24.

There are two societies for the girls in our church, the Junior Alliance and the Lend-a-Hand Club. I am in the former. Both the clubs are doing a good deal of charitable work both here and for the wounded soldiers abroad.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET J. CONKLIN.

CANTON, MASS.,  
25 Chapman Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am in the third grade at the Unitarian Sunday school in Canton, where I get *The Beacon* every Sunday that I go. If I miss, I get it the next Sunday, and I read the little letters I find. I should like very much to join the Club and have a button to wear.

Yours sincerely,

H. KINSLEY DRAPER, Jr.

"I have seventy-five cents that Aunt Fanny and Avis gave me my birthday. I could get sneakers for that, but they do not pay. I can't get elkskin here, and the postage would cost something."

"They have some neat low shoes over at the store for a dollar and a quarter," Avis remarked. "They look decent, but the toes are not the latest style."

"A pair would last me all summer," Lois said aloud. "The problem is how to earn them. It is rather wearing to have to earn money, but it is going to be interesting."

"Lots of people have to earn money," remarked Avis, philosophically. "That is why mother sews so steadily. She doesn't have time to go out like Janet's mother nor Mrs. Case."

"She goes into the woods with us on Sundays, and we have the best times!" protested Lois. "Mother knows such a lot about wild things."

"That is Sunday, when she can't sew," commented Avis. "And Mrs. Case says mother is *young*!" She spoke as if surprised.

"Course she isn't old, but she isn't young like us," said Lois. "She's just"—she hesitated.

"Just mother." Avis thought that included everything desirable.

Then Lois, with one of her quick changes, cried out, "I have an idea!" and rushed to ask permission. "Mrs. Case is going to stain two floors this afternoon, and she hates it. She said she would give a quarter apiece to anybody who would do them for her. May I go and ask for the job?"

"Yes. You may as well take along that dress with the paint on, to wear while you work, and finish it up. I never liked it," said Mrs. Harvey.

Mrs. Case was more than willing. Later in the day Lois danced into the house in her new shoes. "It is fun to earn money," she told her mother. "I mean to find ways to earn a whole lot more."

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LXXII.

I am composed of 18 letters.  
My 6, 3, 16, is used in cooking.  
My 5, 2, 7, 18, is something seen at night in the sky.

My 4, 17, 12, is one of the colors of our flag.  
My 2, 14, 10, 10, is the opposite of short.  
My 1, 3, 15, 12, is what boys and girls like to play in.

My 2, 14, 8, is a color of a shoe.

My 13, 11, 9, is to entreat.

My *whole* is a national emblem.

SHERMAN DANE.

### ENIGMA LXXIII.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 10, 15, 6, 1, is not far away.

My 7, 2, 6, 16, is a drop of water.

My 11, 4, 5, 6, 7, 15, is to invent.

My 3, 9, 6, 7, is a garment.

My 3, 12, 1, 14, 2, 7, is a musical instrument.

My 13, 6, 8, 10, is falling water.

My *whole* is found on a page of *The Beacon*.

"BRICKIE."

### HIDDEN AUTOMOBILES.

1. A general in the Civil War.
2. A river crossing.
3. An ancient race.
4. To avoid.
5. A large river.
6. Above, earth.
7. A cabinet officer.
8. Without equal.
9. A court order.
10. To penetrate, an Indian weapon.
11. To be victorious, a weight.
12. An early President.
13. Like snow.
14. A high official in England.
15. Pertaining to the whole country.

MARION GLEASON.

### TWISTED PRESIDENTS.

1. Towghiansn.
2. Ninclol.
3. Gefirlad.
4. Eroevlots.
5. Remoon.
6. Hacbnaun.
7. Delaclenv.
8. Nasomdi.
9. Kelcmyni.
10. Nofseejrf.

MILDRED WADE.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 30.

ENIGMA LXVIII.—Ichabod Crane.

ENIGMA LXIX.—Leslie Thompson.

CHARADES.—I. Rainbow. II. Catacomb. III. Swordfish.

HOMONYMS.—1. Coarse, course. 2. Casque, cask. 3. Canvas, canvass. 4. Crews, cruise. 5. Cell, sell. 6. Due, dew. 7. Sent, scent, cent. 8. Flour, flower.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY  
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from  
104 E. 20th St., New York  
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago  
162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON